

# SUNBATHER'S

After learning that some of the most famous faces on the world are born, bred and raised in the little gold-digging town of Hollywood, California, MERMAID sent staff photographer Bob Williams down to interview one of them. So here's his inside story on budding starlet Debbie Laffite's fantastic life.



After making the necessary arrangements with her agent, Bob Williams (MERMAID's luckiest photographer) arrived at the modest ranch home of up-and-coming movie starlet Debbie Laffite for the interview that would give MERMAID readers the inside scoop on



# HEAVEN

why Hollywood tans are better than others.

"They're not only better," was Robbins' first comment to Bob. "They're also longer-lasting and safer than any I've ever had."

And the well-built (33-24-35), well-tanned (cheapest brown) Robbins should know. Some-

thing in her short career as a movie-land (and she's here to reveal) Continental sun-seeker while pursuing her career. Her report reads like this:

"Oxygen is alright but I got sunburned on my first day. And on the beach I was wearing a really started to hurt in the wrong spots.





"Dagwood is NG in my book. No one for two weeks then boom: another!"

"Cockburn wasn't bad but the I've said before, there's nothing like Calaveras for tension. Especially Hollywood."

At this point Rick (who had been using his camera like *many's*) finally managed to get a couple of words edgewise. And with the answers to his inquiries he found out that Bubbles was born about 24 years ago in a small town near the Canadian border. We said 'shoot because shortly after the blast even the county clerk's office burned down. Ever since then nobody has been able to pin-point Bubbles' exact birthday. (She thinks it falls on April 19th).

Aside from the enormous lot of information, there isn't anything else especially different



about Bobbie LaFite, except her unusual first name.

"When I was about four," Bobbie tells us, "I used to have one of those toy soap bubble pipes with me constantly. From morning to night I used to fill the house with bubbles as I guess the nickname just came naturally."

Other things that have come naturally to the 2' 4", 135 pound beauty are a set of hazel-green eyes and a deep, rich, brown hair color. And, while we were surprised that all the sunbaking she does didn't change the color of her hair, Bobbie wasn't. She claims that because of the extraordinary effects of the glorious sunshine in her home her hair never gets bleached out.

Others in the golden California area claim the

same thing. For instance, the noted melanoidologist, Dr. Elton Webster says that "There seems to be a definite abundance of melan red and ultra violet rays in the sunlight around and in the lower California area. And" continues Dr. Webster, "this means a great deal of vitamins A and B are constantly being reserved by all the inhabitants around here. That's probably the reason for the fantastic tans and beautiful body colorings."

Of course it may sound like your grapes but all that we can say (since we don't live in lower California) is, "That's all quite true... if there isn't any more in the air to black out the sun."

(Letters from the Chamber of Commerce will be answered if space permits.)







# TEACHER'S PET

There's nothing quite as wild as being the only badboke at an all girls' college. Especially if you're young and handsome.

by  
Walter Lutz

THAT used to have married teachers at Wesley. And for good reason. With all those million-year-old girls running around in Bermuda shorts, the youths of these camps gladly vied under the cloth, its pretty hard for a bachelor teacher to keep his mind on his work.

However they made an exception in

my case. My record was first rate. One time came up with this Phi D it is twenty years, and so they made me a good offer. I jumped. And of course, then I didn't know what I was getting myself in for.

It didn't take me long to find out, however. I showed up on the campus in September, moved my lock and my books into the little apartment they had reserved for me and took a look around. The sight was incredible. Girls—hundreds of them—swarmed around the greenward in the most casual dress. Shorts, sweaters casual to their dangerous-looking tight around the thigh—the

(Continued on next page)





## TEACHER'S FEEL

*(Continued)*

girls were what they chose to wear, and what they chose to wear was very little. After about ten minutes of wandering through this drizzling variety of lewdship, my head was aching with thoughts like glad Dean Mildred couldn't see Dean Mildred as a woman of fifty who relies more hard on her changes. They came to him, most of them, Virginia. She tried to say that they remind that way—with only a modest degree of success, I may add for the time.

In my class, I thought to myself, all boys, this is going to be a problem. All ready I have a female class, and I've only been here four hours. What will it be like at the end of a week—or a year?

A week later when I started teaching my classes, I discovered that I hadn't known the half of it. Imagine this: at ten o'clock in the morning I sat down at a desk facing some twenty young ladies aged approximately nineteen. Most wore Bermuda shorts. I had the impression that I was about as a sea of white legs. For a long moment I simply stared at this wild sight. Then I shuffled, pulled myself together, and began to lecture on the Romantic poets. And of course that just aggravated the whole thing. Young ladies at girls' colleges are fascinated by the Romantic poets. Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, they do the best they can! Shelley had a woman painted outside his house. Keats died young. Coleridge took dope, and Byron took dope with his name. As I expounded these unhappy facts, the mass of young women sat up, noting the dope from their eyes, and listened, open mouthed, yearning in their hearts for a lover who would like young, or take dope or sleep with his sister. When they left at the end of that first class they were all ready to run out of the school and dig up a poet to dip into bed with.

The only trouble was, there wasn't any poets at all. At least, under fifty

We had a couple of twentieth-century poets as a daily corner of the English department, but they rarely came out of their books, and then only for long enough to take a cup of tea. And as I was it, all of the Romanticism I brought on rubbed off on me. That is to say, the girls combined the words with the subject. I was Shelley, a Keats, Coleridge and Byron all rolled into one. What a mess.

And so up it all off, I was about the only eligible young ladies on the campus. Most of the instructors were women, to start with. All the half-dances were done were experimental, not a love, and one married. That left me. At times there I began to feel like a heap of shame in a woman's hole. They kept coming at me so fast I could hardly let them away. They'd stop me on the campus streets, their proud little breasts quivering with love at the Romantic poets, chatter about me and say: "Oh Professor Dooly, I deeply loved your lecture on Byron. I imagine made it seem all so real for me. You can't imagine how I feel." And so forth and so on.

By then I came upon me at To Old Coffee Shoppe, where I was having a continuous cup of hot brew and a look at my newspaper. They would hop upon me on either side of me, thinking me on. They have been and coffee would be pressed lightly against my arm, and they'd turn their red, red lips up toward mine as they spoke breathlessly of life among the academics. I thought I would go mad.

The worst was not night. Sometimes, so I walked out for an unexpected breath of fresh air, they'd pressure upon me in the dark, surrounding me with the sticky scent of fresh young women, tormenting me with open effusive leg and hip half-purled. "Oh Professor Dooly, you must explain this poem," I simply can't get it, and I'll die if I can't finish the poem."

And so it went. It was impossible, of course, for me to do anything about it. If I were to get caught with my hand on the dress of one of these young ladies my academic career would be finished. Not only would I

be tossed out of University. I would be permanently blackballed from any decent college. And I'd have to go out teaching dopes somewhere. I was a terrible thought.

Oh, I suppose I might have taken a chance. But I know perfectly well that a lot of the girls mauling about with half-purled legs would let out a loud moan could hear the girls if I really moved. Some they'd walk about the film with me discussing Shelley, they'd evidence a modern interest in during class, but that would be as far as it would go. Not all of them, certainly. I knew that some of them would be delighted for a roll in the hay on a long fall afternoon. But the trouble was, I didn't have a whole class. They all behaved the same, and I couldn't afford to take a chance on being wrong.

There were two of them that I particularly had my eye on. They were pale of some kind, and they sat on the front row of my Romantic poets course. Margaret Smith was rather tall and skinny, a heavy type, without much to recommend her. She wore her hair long to her shoulders, and she stared at me all through class with straight-forward, penetrating eyes, as if she were trying to see what went on inside of my head. Corinne Tanning was something else altogether, rather more short and well-proportioned. Her legs were chunky, thick with the down you like to touch and her breasts were extraordinarily large for a girl of her size. That is to say, they stuck out to the front like a pair of Chinese rolls. Particularly, she had a certain weight behind, to balance her. Otherwise she would have tipped over. A dark kind of type, often skinned, and altogether a nice pair of goods. Corinne and Margaret were a typical pair of girlish classes, the pretty, one not. You know, pretty girls always like to hang out with an ugly one, for the contrast. And the uglier was a pretty girl to get them to go on all the ways.

In any case, I often wondered about these two. They were medium-grade students. That is to say they had

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"May I ask you?"

# MERMAID

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH  
VOL. 1 NO. 1

FEATURES, FICTION  
AND PHOTOS DESIGNED  
TO PLEASE EVERY MAN!

EXTRA BONUS:



JUNE WILKINSON  
DANCES FOR YOU!



**P**rofessional prize skin divers will make heads of themselves this year; their numbers at any one sport in dives are undebated: professional wrestling and water polo. This is a heavy indictment: professional wrestlers almost always make heads of themselves, and water polo is a game that tends in the same direction.

However, skin divers will win out in the end. That is because there are about eight major and seventeen minor ways in which a skin diver can harm

himself: other skin divers do several others. None of these are pretty, and all of them will occur this year. However, despite the heavy toll the sport will attract from its enthusiasts, the numbers of people enjoying it will increase by dives in 1958. Skin-diving is rapidly taking on the appearance of a major sport, and to establish this is pretty constituted fun, every young man worth his salt will want to be in the ring.

There are good reasons for the

growing popularity of skin-diving. It is dangerous without being deadly; it is demanding without being impossible, and it can be conducted by women as well as men; a last-minute hook never kind entices. And the excitement is enough for well to say it is the future of all sports.

In a sport, skin diving is just about twenty years old. Except for the past the sport and sponge divers, hardly a man followed the sport before World War II. Since that time it has leaped

*(Continued on page 44)*

by  
Andrew Kemp





Underwater  
is a sport for  
young and old,  
men and  
women. Just a  
bit of  
skill, it's easy  
to learn and not  
too expensive to  
get into.

**UNDERSEA  
ADVENTURE  
FOR EVERYBODY**



Her smile says it all. She  
Add youth, better lines of face, it  
and let down a little and get off  
most designed to rejuvenate.

**A** WHILE ago it was possible to say: If you weren't a F.D., why not, you didn't count. Before that it was the postcard-thin glances hip was who set the social style. Before that it was the question of social significance who constituted the inner social circle of America. And today it's the Beatniks. The papers are full of them, the magazines give them front-page displays, the television jocks make bad jokes and the novelists write about them. The first is the thing. When you're first, man, you've just cut hip from sight, as well as crowd back into my lounge suit and hide your head in shame. You're out.

However, it is not entirely impossible to make the transformation from underdog to Beat. Thousands upon thousands of ordinary young Americans are doing it daily. It is not easy, there are a lot of complications to work out, hundreds of little details to keep in mind. But given a little effort, you can make it. I advise you to make the effort, otherwise you'll end up on the bus.

Now, before we get into how to do, we should clarify a little of the background of the thriving Beatnik business. It started about ten years ago. A wild assortment of types have come forward to claim the title of the originator of the Beat generation, but impartial opinion generally names a pair of names as the well-known writers named Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Mr. Ginsberg is the author of a number of stories about jazz and a novel on the same subject. Mr. Kerouac, often called the spokesman of the Beat generation in the author of several books, the most famous of which are *On the Road*, and the *Molloy* series. So the story goes, Ginsberg and Kerouac were sitting around about a proper Beatnik with his pad, one day, discussing the relationship between their names and the Lost Generation of the twenties. "We're the Beat Generation," one of them is supposed to have said, and thus a name was born, a name incidentally, which

(Continued on next page)

If you want to join up with the latest anti-culture movement in America here's a few good tips on what to expect once you make it.

# Advice To The Aspiring Beatnik

by  
Dwight Lane

## ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING BLAINK

(Continued)

did not gain currency for several years.

The Beat boom really began in 1966 with the publication of Kerouac's novel *On the Road*. It was at that time that many, although a number of critics chose to differ with popular opinion. In any case, Kerouac got a lot of personal publicity, which he turned into general publicity for the Beat novel which had been the subject of his book. He began to appear on television talk shows, replacing Norman Mailer, who said that tape could always be covered as to any uncomfortable slanting. Kerouac's millions of people heard about the Beat generation, and what is more important, thousands began to emulate these steps. At this point, unless you say that, because knowledge of Beatness, you are not in the same of things.

All right now, what is that you know to do to become a Blaink? In the first place, you must not use the word *Blaink*. It is a pejorative word, and not intended by the Beat. The second thing you must do is love your automobile. This may be harder, for you've got to love them all, including several that were so misinterpreted by the general would rather hang onto. The essence of the Beat is the search for the Way, which means essentially a way of getting high. You can get high on anything: booze, drugs, masturbation, just or feeling rough starts. It depends on your individuality. According to Kerouac, one of the important Beat figures once got knocked off a park bench by a cop. If that kind of thing you must prepare yourself for.

The matter of dress is very important to the aspiring Blaink. The men wear: dungarees, always dungarees. Nothing else is acceptable. On top he can wear a sweater, like most highly trained, or a tie shirt or if the circumstances call for a nothing, but underneath it's always dungarees. Blaink pants won't do, and you can

hardly want to appear in that order in order clothes. That marks you as square.

Women Blainks, of whom most lately are allowed a little bit of latitude. The ideal costume is a black evening black skirt black knee-length hose, and black shoes with either a pointed, or low long and thin flow, or the if possible black. However, certain circumstances are permitted to relax and style. The one word, my average no-dress with her black costume if the man has a second medieval head then she can wear that. Japanese hairpins are well thought of too.

The reason for the latter is that the Blaink has taken to a peculiar variant of Buddhism called Zen for their religion. It is very difficult and subtle discipline to get at, and as strange will be made here to describe it. Let's in two short. Suffice it to say, you can put up a possible costume of a disciple by going outrageous, wearing it several questions. Suppose for example, your mother or somebody else you love you are feeling today. You answer, "The world is a up." It will stir her cold, and in any case by the time she has figured out the meaning if it has any meaning, you will be long gone. Furthermore, it is considered useless to ask what such a statement means. You are supposed to take it on faith. If anyone pushes you for an explanation, you simply reply with another irrelevant statement. All it takes is a little imagination.

This brings us along to the last way of life. And this is where things get complicated. Some Beats do horrible things to themselves, like going to jail or committing suicide. In North Beach, San Francisco's center of Beat, at least two members of the group have fallen to their death from rooftop parties. It may be a nice way to go out and all, but there's always the chance that you don't want to go out just yet. Besides, a bloody corpse spoils the gaiety of any party.

The danger of jail, in all cases more than considerable. Every once in a while the police sweep down on a

Beat den and take everybody in on search charges. Beats do not care about random things like the legal age of consent, and this can mean a certain amount of imprisonment. And then, of course, there is drugs. The Blaink like to have on every one and again. Marijuana is a continuous experience, and some of the leaders of the groups go in for such gentle pot times in houses and cafes. Thus, if the police smash your party, they're likely to pick up somebody for illegal possession of marijuana. This again can be unpleasant.

All the same, Blainks try to lighten up. There is, for example, the girl question. Lady Beats are not supposed to have worries about pre-natal or in-utero delivery, or personal satisfaction. Absence of marriages on one makes them more interesting to the boys, better than ordinary girls. Several of the noted Beat girlfriends have confessed to living with friends of their husbands, with their husband's encouragement. It seems a strange way to be, but it certainly is unpleasant.

Now, if we can stand the smell, let us drop in on a Beat party. Perhaps, you know, any where the Blainks really thrive. In groups they live. In fact, they are always in groups, usually at least of three, and just two men. But at a big party, the real soul of the Beat comes out.

The first thing you will notice is the noise. There is always music, usually modern jazz although sometimes some of the really hot old classical compositions are allowed. On specially occasions, a great favorite is a recording of the sports car race at Salzburg, complete with grinding of gears, rapidly passed runners, and an occasional roaring sound when a car goes into the fence.

The second thing you will notice is the general absence of inhibitions. The people are eating, or lying in the floor, talking in small groups or individual monologues. In fact, it looks dull — at least until you take a further look around. Many of the people will be

(Continued on page 44)





"I finally got rid of the chief, Wilbur—hang your hat anywhere!"



During 1966 the dress above it means  
the woman's head of the window  
for that one, instead of anyone to  
see. With 1 dress, and someone else  
looking at it.

*Wendy's Design*



# DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

by  
Hagen Brown

## CHAPTER IX

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18

Dear Diary,

Well this is a funny one. I mean I've been in situations before, but this takes the cake. I mean it's a day, a real day. And there isn't any thing I can do about it, either. Just yet. It's the kind of thing I certainly never would have figured on getting into. I mean, imagine. Here's this lovely boy, one foot tall with lovely hair and green eyes and those pencils all up and down under his eyelids, and I can't lay a hand on him. His name is Charlie Jones, and he's a cousin or something of the Wadding's next door, and he's staying here just through the week-

end. Then he'll be gone. It just makes me sick. I mean, imagine! I want him, and he wants me, but we can't have each other. Why it's a real tragedy, like Romeo and Juliet. Eg says I'm not along to take pictures. There's got to be another way.

I suppose I ought to explain. See, there's this story that Charlie Jones is a wild one, that he got some girl in trouble in this place where he went to college, that he got drunk and drove fast, and a lot of lovely things like that. I mean what girl wouldn't just do to get hold of a man with a reputation like that? Only the thing is, Mom would put up with a lot of nonsense. When she heard he was coming

she simply concluded that I wasn't to have anything to do with him. "If you see him on the street, simply say hello and go on your way. Don't stop to talk with him."

And I said, yes. What else could I say? If I got over about it, maybe might get along. I mean if I married one among them, shouldn't start figuring why I wanted to see him. And she would put a stop to my life. They might send me away to a nunnery or something. You never can tell about them. But there it is. The reason why I know he's interested in me is that somebody told me he asked about me. I mean that's natural, isn't it?

*(Continued on page 20)*



# DIAMOND IS A GUY'S BEST FRIEND

*Most devastating  
Hope Diamond  
one of America's  
greatest (and  
shapeliest) strip-  
pers. But more  
than that, Hope  
just happens to be  
a guy's best friend.  
Reason: she can  
always take your  
mind off your  
worries and cares.  
Whether she's  
onstage or on.*



#### NEEDY MATE!

As we promised last issue, we intend to show you how to enjoy yourself under the water at your favorite beach lake or swimming hole this summer. The article "Undersea Adventure for Everybody" was written by one of the foremost experts in the field of submarine swimming, Andrew Kemp.

Even though it was written by an aquatic expert, our article is clear, specific and very easy for all our readers to understand. Andrew Kemp was Mermaid

of the month did it this way so as to enable as many of MERMAID'S readers as possible to enjoy the popular sport of undersea swimming.

And even if you are a hard-baked body man who won't wade but deeper than your knee-caps, you will still enjoy Mr. Kemp's article.

So if you can skip past the pretty Mermaids and go straight straightaway throughout the book, take a peek at his story and see for yourself.

The Editor.





*Average Hope Diamond holds an unusual position in the broad world of strip-tease artistry. (And we just don't mean in stage either). Hope happens to be one of the only strip-tease artists now appearing around the nightclub circuits in the States who can completely mesmerize an audience of both men and women.*

*Some of the reasons that Hope is so effective with*







her work are obvious. Such as her magnificent figure (171-55-34), her marvellous red hair coloring and of course her beautiful personality, vibrant and vivacious!

Hoge tells us that she was born 22 years ago in San Antonio, Texas. And as a native of the Lone Star State she really enjoys TV Westerns. Unfortunately for the South-Western show, Hoge doesn't get many opportunities to watch the 11" silver screen because she's got such a heavy schedule of work.

"It's not modeling or practicing my ballet lessons," says the dream girl, "then I'm out the rest of the time working myself to the skin."

And when Hoge says she works, she means it. Her strenuous dance routine in the night club circuits costs her about five pounds . . . per performance. "But even the loss of five pounds isn't very unpleasant," says Hoge, "I just want to make sure I put over the best show possible. Also I just love to eat (Hamburgers, steak and oysters and eggs) and it's the only way I can keep my figure in shape."

From a professional shopper's viewpoint we asked Hoge if she had any particular pet peeves. Her answer: "Definitely yes! I can't stand stage-door johnnies. Guys who try to date me after the show is ever really got me a pain. After a long hard evening of work, there's nothing I want to do more than go home and just rest!"

Other dislikes we heard from the heavenly Hoge are: 1) over-smoked foods, especially roast beef 2) dirty girls and 3) people who make fun of my name.

"Actually I shouldn't reproach anyone who 'kicks me about my name'," says the long legged lovely. "It does keep the public aware of me and that's nothing less than good publicity."

Fortunately, Hoge has an even larger list of likes. We won't list them all but among the most important (it seems to us) are: well dressed men 1) beach parties (Hoge loves the sun) and 2) intelligent conversation.

"I appreciate interesting, witty talk," says the sparkling Diamond, "just as I'm sure my audience appreciates an interesting performance from me."

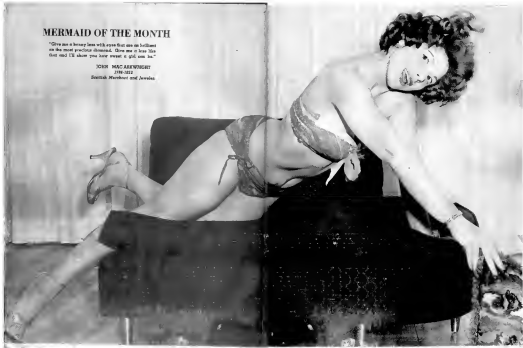
And judging from our photographs the audience who viewed Hoge's night-club performances got just that . . . an interesting performance.



## MERMAID OF THE MONTH

"Give me a heavy kiss with eyes that are as brilliant  
as the most precious diamond. Give me a kiss like  
that and I'll show you how sweet a girl can be."

JOHN MAC ARROWHAY  
1770-1812  
Scottish Marchmont and Jeweller



## MERMAID OF THE MONTH

"Give me a longy lass with eyes that are as brilliant  
as the most precious diamond. Give me a lass like  
that and I'll show you how sweet a girl can be."

JOHN MAC ARTHUR

1790-1870

Scottish Minstrel and Jeweler





## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

### CHAPTER IX

#### THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 17)

at I mean if he was a pretty girl like me with those wavy—unshampooed—hairs and my pretty blonde hair and the way I look out behind—why I should certainly think he would want me. It figures, doesn't it? I mean not that I go around making a display of myself. A properly brought-up girl doesn't do that. I mean I wouldn't make a vulgar display of myself for anybody. Except that I mean if you were kind of right clothes you can't help it if you stick out here and there. And I mean a girl with a figure like mine would be a hell out in wear tight

clothes. A properly brought-up girl doesn't make a vulgar display of her self, but she can't a bad subject. So anyway, he's interested and I'm just dying.

#### THURSDAY, JULY 12

DON DICKS.

Well, for once in my life I got a break. I mean, it's such a damn mess at the time everything goes against me and unless I was really on the short every minute I'd never get anything. But this time I got a break. This morning Maude convinced that she and Daddy were going away to Spring Valley for the week-end. Well not the whole week-end. They'd leave Saturday afternoon and get back Sunday afternoon. But that's enough, is what I say. And, an unexpected up

perchance. I mean that's twenty-four hours, and anything can happen in twenty-four hours. Particularly to a girl who's on the short.

But problems. The thing is this. Charlie Foster met the kind of fellow who'd hang around waiting for Susan day. I mean a man with that kind of reputation simply won't do it. You know, he's got to be out and going all the time, and why if he doesn't make it here he won't make anytime, but he'll go out and make it another place. So as you can see the situation is fraught with pitfalls. Somehow I've got to keep him interested until Susan day comes. After that it will be smooth sailing. And I do mean smooth. But in the meantime, troubles. There are other girls in the town, a lot of them

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#### THE MAID WHISTLE

(Continued from page 17)

the one showing on her yellow hair. It was something, I tell you.

And naturally I got kind of easily I wanted to get a hold of that lovely Susan in the worst way—but it didn't seem like I was going to be able to manage it. What I did was catch her by the latter hair one morning. "Wow," I said, in an offhand way. "What you the girl that's staying up to bedtime?"

"That's right," she said, not paying me any mind.

"Well," I said, "seeing as we're neighbors and all I thought maybe I'd come down and pay you a call."

She gave me that cool look. "Maybe pay it to me," she said. "I ain't interested in him."

"Well, sure," I said. "That's too bad. I figured we could have a little fun together—just to be neighborly."

"Figure another way, maybe," she said. Then she stood up the latter hair and went off down the road watching my three tips in a way that made them move out of my eyes. Oh, yes, she was something.

So when I did was all done and give the whole thing a little thought. I couldn't figure what she had in mind. Most of the girls around here, why they're looking to get on with the boys. They got to get themselves married off, and the only way they're likely to do it is to get pregnant. And I figured I was about as good a catch as any of the young fellows up here in the meantime. I had a nice little stuff that brought in a regular money, a taken to myself that would do with a little thing up, a couple of dollars and a patch of ground where I gave a few vegetables. I had things going good. But that I was coming to marry the girl. That wasn't what I had in mind at all. But you would have thought that'd be interested in me, what with me being a good prospect and all. It didn't look that way, though.

But I wasn't about to give up. A couple of days later I took my shotgun and walked down across the back field to the back place. It was a good shotgun. It gave with fancy steel-plugs on the side and a pump for quick shooting. I wanted her to get a look at it so she could see I wasn't no poor boy. Besides, it gave me an easy way to work my way down there; you know, making out like I was heading

and just happened to come by.

So I got up around behind the house in the woods and then I let down on my belly so as to get a look at what was going on. Old man Foster wasn't no place in sight. Usually he was sitting on the back porch ball peen on an old copper plate he finds, tapping his foot on the ground and spitting at the chickens. But he was gone.

Susan was there, though. She was kneeling on the grass with a big wash tub in front of her scrubbing out some clothes. She looked like the last part of Heaven. I ain't tell you. She was so pretty I just lay there and watched her wash. And let me tell you it was a good thing I done it. For when I saw her mood and looked all around, picking this way and that, looking up that nobody was watching her. Then quick-like she stopped all her dress. And before it all, like that, and then it was the wash tub. Well my damn, it was a sight. She was naked as a new with her breasts out of nothing out in front of her and the rest of her sticking out behind, and my mouth just out of dried up as me. My first idea was to get up out of the woods and cuddle down there for a

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# NEW - Our Own Brand of Cigarettes - 9¢ A PACK!

**New Automatic Machine Manufactures Thousands of Cigarettes — Smoking Pleasure As Good or BETTER Than Brand You Now Smoke!**

**MINI SIZE or REGULAR  
PLAIN TIP or FILTER**

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CO. of Richmond, Va. 200 for 49¢;  
TRIPLE SIZE: 400 for \$1. Order by No. F

Now enjoy the smoothest, mildest, best-tasting cigarette you've ever put to your lips—yet pay only **9 CENTS A PACK!** Yes, enjoy quality cigarettes as good or **BETTER** than the famous brand you now smoke—but you pay **NOT 36¢, NOT even 20¢ a pack—BUT ONLY 9 CENTS!** Smoke regular or king size, plain or filter tip.

**HOW IS THIS FANTASTIC VALUE POSSIBLE?** The answer is in the amazing new invention, the **KORIUM CIGARET-MAKER**. The little "cigarette factory" turns out cigarettes by the **THOUSANDS!** Do not confuse or compare with old-fashioned, inferior-type, roll-your-own gadgets. This Korium Cigaret-Maker is precision-made of genuine Korium STEEL, and follows, in essence, the same firmly-packed principles as \$100,000 mass production machines used by today's big cigarette firms at plants in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, etc. Like these big machines, the Korium Cigaret-Maker manufactures cigarettes **AUTOMATICALLY**. **BEFORE YOUR EYES!**

**CLICK! See Cigarettes Pop Out Into Your Hand—Ready to Smoke!**

Operating the Korium Cigaret-Maker is easy as A-B-C. Pour the tobacco, slip in the paper, and the machine does the rest. You have a cigarette in your hand ready to smoke—in **LESS THAN 3 SECONDS!**

**Everything's the Same but the Name—and the Price!**

When you receive your machine on a **FREE-trial** basis, be as critical as you like. Compare for loose ends. Compare the "trial." Compare the firmness. In fact, we ask you to place the Korium-made cigarettes into a bowl with famous brand cigarettes. Then try to tell the difference! Manufacture five or six cigarettes. Put one to your lips. Light up. Take a puff. Inhale deeply. Feel the mildness, the smoothness, the good taste. Then light up any famous brand. **COMPARE PUFF FOR PUFF.**

See if you don't get the same smoke, same good taste, same smoking pleasure (if not better!) than the brand you now smoke. Yes, everything's the same—**BUT WITH ONE BIG DIFFERENCE!** You pay only for the tobacco, not the cigarette taxes. Everybody knows that as much as 17¢ out of every 25¢ spent on cigarettes goes for taxes, TV shows, marketing profits, etc. **YOU CAN'T SMOKE TAXES—WHY PAY FOR THEM?** Now, at last, you can still enjoy the fine-quality smoke you're accustomed to and yet **SAVE \$50.00 to \$100.00 EVERY YEAR!**

**Costs Only \$4.98**

The Korium Cigaret-Maker comes to you complete—ready to use. It costs only \$4.98. In essence it won't cost you a penny because it pays for itself in two or three weeks. Then it goes on saving you money week after week!

**Smoke 200 Cigarettes FREE!**

Send for your machine now and we'll include enough genuine Coraire Virginia Tobacco for 200 cigarettes, 10 full packs, a **COMPLETE CARTON!** After 10 days if you don't agree that the Korium machine manufactures cigarettes as good or **BETTER** than the brand you now smoke, return **ONLY** the machine for complete refund. Keep the tobacco. You've manufactured 200 cigarettes and they are yours to smoke—**FREE!**

**Also FREE! Cigarette Case!**

**EXTRA BONUS FOR PROMPTNESS.** We will include **FREE** (for 14 days only) a beautiful Wyrene Cigarette Case. Not paper or cardboard but really **CRUSH-PROOF**. Keeps cigarettes fresh for weeks—like a portable humidor. Holds regular or king-size. Keep this handsome case **FREE** even if you return machine for refund. Hurry. We reserve the right to withdraw this **FREE-GIFT** (day). Order by No. 85 (Korium Cigaret-Maker with **FREE** tobacco and **FREE** case) \$4.98

**Smoke 200 cigarettes FREE!**

**Also FREE! Cigarette Case**



**Mail Coupon for FREE GIFTS! Hurry! Supply Limited!**

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Rush amazing new Korium Cigaret-Maker for only \$4.98 complete. Also include absolutely **FREE**, enough genuine Coraire Virginia Tobacco to manufacture 200 cigarettes! As a bonus for promptness also include **FREE**, handsome styrene crush-proof cigarette case. After 10 days trial, if not satisfied, I may return machine for refund. The 200 cigarettes I manufacture and the case are mine to keep in any case.

☐ Check, cash, money order enclosed. Send everything postage-paid.  
☐ Send C.O.D. plus C.O.D. fee and postage costs. (Enclose \$1 deposit)

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☐ **FILTER-TIP SMOKERS!** Check here for your supply of pure white filter-tips, manufactured by famed U. S. Filter Tip Co.  
☐ \$10 for 49¢ ☐ **TRIPLE SIZE:** \$100 for \$1

## DRAFT OF A PLAYBILL

### CHAPTER IX

#### THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 36)

ness who don't care what they do to get a man. They'll sit in hot proximity for Charlie Jester, believe you me. And I mean the competition is fiercer around here. Of course, with a late start I can handle myself pretty well. I don't mean to brag, because that isn't a man doing to do. No, well brought up gentlemen about herself. I mean it isn't smart, and all that—well, I mean when you're going to be around the lady is I can handle myself all right, with an exception. Only this time I've got a headache.

So I didn't waste my time. I sort of my campaign right away as soon as I heard that Mame and Buddy would be gone tomorrow. What I did say right after breakfast I went up stairs to change. Now you know I was wearing those pajamas at breakfast and naturally I had to put on something else. And I had a plan. My room here and toward Washington. And I knew that the Washington's guest room had not turned in. But the thing was where was Charlie Jester? Was he sleeping in the guest room? Or maybe did he get up all ready and go out. I couldn't tell. So what I did was kind of half-dressed behind the curtain and peek out. The clock was up, but I couldn't see anything going on. I decided to wait awhile. Charlie Jester was the kind of boy who was likely to sleep late. I mean it figures, him being such a wild one and all. So I watched behind the window, watching. After awhile my legs began to cramp. I didn't dare move. I had to catch him just as he got up. It must be night by the time that just rolls out of bed and my destination. It wouldn't do to miss him.

Once Mame came in the room when I was crumpled there.

"What on earth are you doing?" she said.

"Oh, I'm just trying to fix the ghost in this corner," I said. I mean that was last thinking.

"Well you'll never get dressed in five hours," she said sternly. But I didn't pay her any attention and she went away.

And then my vigil paid off. I mean sometimes just plain patience comes out to be the best virtue. As I looked across I saw some reading material, and then Charlie Jester stood up and walked to the window and yawned. He had no top on I mean? He was really something. I could have legs right across to him right there. I was so thinking that I didn't have time for any operations. The minute he reached the window I dashed back and stood up. Then I turned my back to the window and took off my pajama tops. I figured that would hold him for a minute. Then I stepped out of his line of sight. I waited a few seconds just to convince him. I mean of course, a properly brought up girl should never cheat. That's bad form, and besides the fellows get mad at you for it. But on the other hand, he didn't have to know I knew he was there. So I figured it was all right.

So then I just studied by the window with my top off and my lovely white-silk-satinous stocking out. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that Charlie was taking it all in. So I walked by not too fast, and not too slow, just as if I were going about my regular business. Then I sat down on the bed and waited another minute. This time, when I studied by I had the bottom off, too. I mean he couldn't see anything because the window wasn't that low. But he could get a look at the tops of my bare legs. I mean if they're bare, why shouldn't I say so—and a little bit of my stomach, and all, enough to know that I didn't have any business on. And then I just moved off to the other side of the room, and turned my back. He would see a lot more of me here, all the way down to the back of my knees, I figured, but it was a further distance and I didn't he would be able to make out all the details—just enough to interest him a little. And then I moved there and got dressed. Of course, as I say, I think it's wrong for a girl to make a vulgar display of her

self. But after all, there's nothing vulgar about the naked body, is there? Think of all those nude paintings in the museums and all.

So that was the way it worked out today. And I figure her next morning he'll be up and short in the morning.

FITZGER, JULY 27

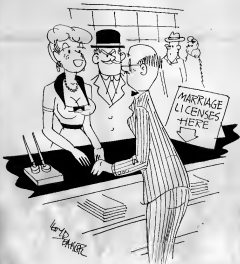
Dear Beards:

Well, problems no problems. I mean you'd think I ought to get some kind of credit for trying what with the headache I'm working up and all. But you never say so. This morning I got up and waited around for Charlie Jester to show up at the window. He says he didn't show. I mean I was simply honest. Here I had given him my all the morning before and he didn't even have the courtesy to wait a second time. I mean is that fair? I was just about mad enough to forget about him—but not quite. Not a boy with those muscles and all the lovely hair. So I got dressed up in the shortest shorts I own, with a nice tight no-shirt on, and went out building. I mean a properly brought up girl doesn't go around chasing men. It's vulgar, and besides, you'll never catch a man that way. But I was desperate. I had to do something. I mean I couldn't let him just disappear out of my life and all, without giving it the old try.

And what I did was tell Mame I was going to the beach and I put on the car and drove away. But not for just around the corner, in fact. Because as later I figured Mame would be going out shopping, or to the club, or somewhere, and I wanted. These other words I called home. No answer. She was gone. So I got back into the car and drove back to the house. Mame wouldn't be gone long, but she'll be gone for awhile. So, what I did was go out onto the back terrace and sit with my feet up peering a magnifying. Feet up in a good way to sit. I mean it stretches out your legs where they show up to best advantage, especially if you have real short shorts on. Not that I would make a display. I'm just

(Continued on page 42)





"So I said 'Why Mr. Secretary, I wouldn't dream of coming up to your landing lodge without a license!'"

Editor — Miss Rose

Associate Editor — Larry M. Thomas

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VOL. 1

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# Mermaid

*Maurice d'Arce*  
Says: Let me make your life exciting

Says: "Let me make your life exciting  
with my sexual attention!"

1. The first step is to identify the problem.

1. **Introduction**  
 2. **Background**  
 3. **Methodology**  
 4. **Results**  
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10. **Answer: C** – The patient is at high risk for a stroke because of the presence of atherosclerosis, hypertension, and hyperlipidemia. The patient is also at high risk for a heart attack because of the presence of atherosclerosis, hypertension, and hyperlipidemia. The patient is at high risk for a heart attack because of the presence of atherosclerosis, hypertension, and hyperlipidemia.

...the ...

**44. Answer: D**  
The correct answer is D. The passage states that the author is a member of the same club as the person who is the subject of the passage. The author is a member of the same club as the person who is the subject of the passage. The author is a member of the same club as the person who is the subject of the passage.

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Please complete this questionnaire using a pen or pencil.

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### TEACHER'S PETS

(Continued from page 41)

ahead, as if she hadn't heard me. But I was sure she got the idea that I was more willing to see her than Cecilia Tossing. And so I left.

The next move came up more or less by chance. I had gone down to the Glen on a Saturday afternoon for a breath of air and a chance to collect my thoughts. I was sitting there on a rock minding my own business when the two girls hove in view around a corner. "Hello there," I smiled. They stopped, and stood in front of me, their bare legs glowing warmly in the afternoon sun.

"Hello Professor Denby," Cecilia said. Margaret Smith said nothing.

"Where are you girls bound for?"  
I said indulgently.

"Oh nowhere. We're just walking around," Cecilia said. And she sat down on the ground beside me.

This upset me. I wanted to get rid of her. "You'd better not sit there," I said reprovingly. "The ground is cold."

She looked at me peculiarly, but continued to sit. "Oh I don't care," she said. She was indeed a lovely bit of stuff, all round and padded out, with that pair of muffins going on before. For an instant I thought perhaps I might give a try, and then I caught myself. It would do no good. Margaret Smith was the only reasonable target. "How's the poetry going?" I said winnily.

"Oh it's going all right, I guess," Margaret said. It didn't give me much to go on.

"I'd like to discuss it with you," I said. The inference was clear that I wanted to talk to her alone; but Cecilia Tossing didn't budge.

And then Margaret Smith said, "Well I think I'll go along, Cecilia. Coming?"

"To pleasant a day to go inside," I said hastily. "Enjoy the beauties of nature."

But she ignored that. "Coming, Cecilia?"

But Cecilia shook her head. "I think I'll enjoy the beauties of nature." And Margaret left.

So there I was stuck with the wrong girl. It was going to be a dull afternoon. The girl would want to talk about the Romantic poets, you know, sort of snuggle up to them verbally, and I'd have to sit there and stare at the meat of her thighs underneath her Bermuda shorts while she sat with her lovely red lips half parted. It would be some fight. I resolved to avoid it. "I suppose I ought to be getting back to the apartment and correct some themes," I said.

"Oh, it's too nice a day to go inside," she said. "Don't you just love to sit and enjoy the beauties of nature?" she said.

Well I did love the beauties of nature—the beauties of nature that were under her sweater; but I couldn't say that, nor could I even get a look at them. So I half-rose. "Walking back this way?" I said, to be polite.

So she stood up too. I took a step, and then I realized she was standing right in the middle of the path. My move brought me dangerously close to her. I could smell the sweet smell of her perfume, and for a minute I thought I would go all to pieces. I pulled myself together. "Excuse me," I said.

But she didn't move. "Professor Denby," she said, almost tearfully, "what am I going to do about my grades? You just gave me a C."

"Well," I said, all a tremble because we were standing rather close together, "Perhaps if you worked a little harder you might do quite well."

"But I don't understand it," she said. "Please help me."

It was a pitiful cry. But I put it aside. All she wanted to do was sit around on the grass with me and keep me in a state of high fever. And I was already pretty far gone. I didn't need any more of that. "All right," I said, "come around to my office sometime, and we'll see what we can do." And I started to step forward again.

"No," she said. "Now."

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## ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING BEATNIK

(Continued from page 10)

smoking marijuana. Some will be high on other things. A few will be drunk up—probably cheap wine. But liquor is not a virtue with the Beat. Although they often frequent bars, they will usually consider themselves to be, partially, if more so admitted, because it is cheap. But unlike the Lost Generation, which made a good deal of noise about how drunk they were, the Beat Generation does not push the liquor bit.

At first, the people at the Beat party appear rather tame. They are in no hurry to go anywhere, and they may, at first glance, simply enjoy the party on the floor or the days. It is common to find silent smokers, or just eat, and then are trying to find these exceptions. As the hours pass, however, a certain sexual interest begins to permeate itself. A man may simply decide to take all his pants. This will cause no stir. He has his pants off for some good reason, every one assumes, and nobody pays any attention.

A girl may then follow suit, although she won't begin with her pants. From then on a Beat party, she will slowly have her black show off. Her next step will be to remove her black top. That she will also do without further. "Why do you take them off," you ask?

"That's the way it is man," she'll reply solemnly. And indeed it is.

At this point the atmosphere of the room is filling with a lot of tension. Maybe, everybody is hoping, something will happen. Maybe this will be the night, each thinks to himself, when I will be touched by the great spirit when I will suddenly become one with the world. This hope gives everybody a nice edge on, ready to move on whatever direction these conditions take them.

Now a couple of men take all their shirts. More long black stockings

come off. The records are turned over, and the path of the women increases.

And at this point one of the girls may decide to slip out of her underpants. She does, pulling them down from under her skirt and dropping them to the floor. Nobody pays any attention. That would be unfortunate.

The another girl, spurred on by the example of the previous one, now removes her black sweater. As it lay pass, she is wearing on her under pants. She is rather short, a stocky girl, with considerable to offer her torso the novel and the silver's apple. Under other circumstances she would have a crowd. But crowd drawing is not Beat. And nobody pays any attention.

And as the party goes on. It is now getting along towards four in the morning. In a couple of hours the sun will be up. And still the queue hasn't arrived. Still the great excitement happening—whatever that is—hasn't occurred. So the girls begin to work around to something a little more interesting. Starts come off. This of course leaves the girl who had at early removed her underpants something of a wonder. She can wait her black sweater on, naked from the waist down, a charming spectacle. Some of the others are allowing themselves passion, and nothing more.

The men, meanwhile, are equal to the girls. They have stopped at this and that garment until they are nearly naked. There is now really only one more thing to do. But will they be reluctant. They would all rather go on talking, or hoping that the excitement event will occur. But at last there is a lot of light in the room. And so now, probably, with everyone like shivering young men and women begin to collect themselves in pairs, or in small, tight. There is a certain amount of pulling and hauling, for the floor is rather small. This tends to put all the couples close together. But it does not matter. The lights are on.

In business conditions for awhile. In

between there is some switching around. A man knows his girl to visit the little boys, and he may find her accepted when he comes back. No cause for fear. He simply takes what is left around. It makes no difference. The lights are out. Who cares what goes on in the dark.

And then, of course, the sun comes up. Everybody is tired and excited and that still they are anxious to continue the party. The great event has not taken place. Somebody makes call for. Somebody opens a new bottle of wine. Somebody collects together some money and goes out for more liquor. And the party goes on, the talking goes on, the records go on. Still there are waiting, for the great event, the big moment. They don't know what it is, but they will know when it comes.

In most Beat circles it hasn't come yet. This is a great advantage for the aspiring Beatnik. Since nobody else has reached the major moment with the world, he need not feel too sad. Anyway, it is the march that counts. A right-minded young man will enjoy the wine, and the girls, and let the momentous moment go. After all, a Beat party is a party, and better than most, you'll go to. Different at least. It's reason enough to join the Beat Generation.

And now a last word to the young Beatniks. Where do you find the Beat? There are three good places to look: New York's Greenwich Village contains more Beatniks probably than any place on earth. Try there first. The next stop, heading west is the area around Chicago University. There's plenty going on in Chicago that the city fathers don't know about. And the last place is San Francisco's North Beach area. This is the headquarters. It's smaller than Greenwich Village, but wider. The key to a Beat district is the presence of million houses that all rather houses are fronts of the Beat. But if you find these in the worst block-up area, go. Life is the best you

The end

## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

### CHAPTER IX

#### THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 20)

more confidently that way.

And so that last morning, I didn't know if Charlie Fisher was still around the Wadsworth's. But if he was, he'd be sure to see me.

And he was. After about a half hour he came out onto the Wadsworth's back terrace, stretched a limb and looked around. And right away he saw me. Naturally, I didn't look at him. I just went on reading my magazine. But I knew he was looking me up and down. I could feel his eyes. And I knew he was giving me a good look, because he'd had a letter and the morning before. It always takes one a week to see a girl dressed up who he's seen—other ways. And then after a minute he walked over and leaned on the stone wall between our place and the Wadsworth's. I tell you, my heart was beating just a mile a minute. But I didn't look up.

Then he said, "Good morning."

I turned around quickly, so if I was startled. "Oh, hello," I said.

"Nice day," he said.

"Yes, it is."

"Nice day to go for a drive," he said. He began to whistle. Then he stopped. "This a strange crowd here. Maybe you could show me the high spot of the scenery."

And oh my, wouldn't I have loved to! But of course I couldn't. Mama would be home soon. But still and all, this was my chance. I had to get in a looker at some time, so he'd come around the next day. "Go!" I said. "I wouldn't mind that a bit. Only I can't—today!"

"Oh?" he said, playing it cool and slow. "Why not?"

Well, of course, I couldn't tell him that it was because Mama wouldn't let me go here because of his reputation. That was sure to make him mad, and besides a girl me in a bad light. "I just can't, today," I said. But I

(Continued on page 21)



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## THE MAID WHISKY

(Continued from page 29)

down back, but then I decided it wouldn't work. She'd just rush off to the home and back, and I wouldn't even get to see her. So I waited.

And about while she got finished washing the dress and she pulled it up out of the tub and wrung it out. That was a pretty sight, too. She got twisting and turning to work all the water out of her dress, sort of giving my three boys around so that she was let up all that time with a nice tan color. Oh my dear! Then she put the dress back on. It was still wet. It spoiled the way going to put water in around until it dried, which wouldn't be long because of the heat of the sun. But while it was still wet it stuck to her pretty good, showing up all the freckles on your face.

So then I got up out of the back and walked in there there with my shotgun over my shoulder, trying to have a little talk with her.

"Hello there, Granny," I said, coming like out of moving the shotgun around where she could get a good look at the silver plating.

"Well, where did you come from?" she said. "You ain't home looking?"

"No indeed," I said. "I was up to the woods looking up and down and I'm just passing, on by."

"Well, there's fine," she said. "You just pass on by."

"Say, now," I said. "I tell that mighty intelligible of you."

"Well, I don't care what you call it," she said. "I don't like folks, and I don't care to have them hanging around me. They're all—"

"That ain't correct," I said. "All give him better. It's the way of me too."

"Not my nature, it ain't," she said. "I had one old folks showing and pushing at me, and that'll do her whole."

Well, I could see right away what she trouble was. This old man that carried her old lady had got to pushing at her, and she had got a fight. You know, sometimes a young gal

gets a fight and it takes awhile to get over it. I mean it happen around here times when some folks get drunk and crazy and started giving me some little girl that didn't want to have nothing to do with him. It spoiled the girl. Well sometimes take a couple of years to get her straightened around to the point where she was any use to the folks. And it looked like that was what happened here. So I knew it wasn't any use pushing and showing at her. I just, and good bye and showed along.

But I was still thinking. You got a gal as pretty as Susan, you don't let her get away if you can help it. So I turned it over in my mind pretty good for awhile, and then I remembered about the neighborhood. Of course, I didn't half believe in them. Most likely just old granny pump. But you never know. Sometimes these old grannies have got tricks that work out. It's hard to tell about an old granny. You just can't figure them. Sometimes they give you something that makes me sometimes it's all just a lot of grumpy talk. Anyway, I didn't figure I had anything to lose so I took a jug of whiskey, and went on up across the creek and by and by I came to an old granny shack.

The old gal was sitting out front on a wooden stooling her pipe and drinking out of a jug, here time to time. She was about a hundred years old from the looks of her, from an a trout and wrinkled from head to foot. "Hello there, granny," I said.

"Get out of the way," she said. "I'm here I catch a chill."

"That so," I said. And I moved aside. You always have to be respectful with grannies, otherwise they'll get mad at you and won't help you.

"No more, granny," I said. "I'll be you never heard of a middlebitch."

"Maybe," she said, just looking at her pipe.

I set the whiskey jug down on the shed by her marker. "Well, that's her last," I said. "I was kind of hoping you knew about middlebitches."

"What's in the jug?" the old granny said.

"Oh, some special corn whiskey I made up."

"That so?" she said. She lifted the jug to see if it was full, then she put it up to her lips and took a swallow. "Gimme some," she said. "It ain't bad." She looked at me. "Gimme of real low of that and maybe I could remember about the middlebitches."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Granny," I said. "I'll just leave the jug here where it will help along with your thinking, and I'll stop on by tomorrow and see if you come up with anything."

And so that was that I done. The next afternoon I filled up another jug of corn and went on up to see her. That made about eight dollars' worth of good whiskey I give to her, but when I thought about the sight of that three figure standing naked in the sun, I didn't give the corn much mind. Next to her, eight dollars wasn't nothing.

"Hello there, Granny," I said, swinging the jug by my thumb, "did you come up with anything on the middlebitch yet?"

"What's in the jug now?"

"Some more of the same," I said. But this time I didn't set it down, just waved her by to make her move.

And she kind of sat there thinking for a minute, and then she reached under her dress and took out this kind of tube like a little gun barrel. "You going to set that jug down?" she said.

"I guess so, Granny," I said.

"Well," she said. "I guess you could call this a middlebitch. It ought to get you what you want." She handed it over to me. It didn't look like any thing at all, just a tube of wood with the ends open. I started to put it to my lips to give it a blow.

"Hold on," she said. "It won't work if you do that, see. It's only good for one blow."

"That so," I said.

"Yep. You got to handle them real delicate right. Now this here one, you put it up and over the girl's finger. Then you give it a little blow. And then you take it off. Simple, ain't it?" She chuckled. "Now set down that jug before you drop it."

(Continued on page 32)









WEST-APR



by  
Willem Rhodo

## ONCE MORE

Bill Adams did not expect, of course, to run into an old acquaintance on his first trip to Nigeria. Perhaps if he had been more familiar with the ways of the capital city and its crowded streets he might not have succumbed to what is after all a fairly usual ex-

perience. But then neither would he have had his advantage.

Adams was a young American of twenty-two or twenty-three from Toledo, Ohio. He was in Nigeria on business. That is to say the expatriation firm which employed him had sent him into

North Africa to introduce into the formal affairs some new accounting procedures. He was to be paid a week. That was all. It was dull, rather out and about work and he expected no excitement. Nevertheless, he was so much in any chance to see the city. So







(Continued from page 49)

So I sat down the yard and gave a check-up, and went off across the creek the way I come. I didn't stop going, neither, until I got down to Bottoms. Old man Bottom was sitting on the porch smoking, with a good aimed on "Where's Susan?" I said:

He pointed with his thumb. "She's inside. But it won't do you no good to go in there. She don't cotton to folks." He gave me a wink. "I know. I give it a try."

"Well," I said, "I reckon there's no harm in trying." So I just opened the door and dropped an inside. Susan was standing by the wash tub, cleaning her hands. She had on that same dress, only now it was dry. Even so, I could see those greenish up under the top, almost as pretty and soft looking as you could want. "Susan," I said, "Lemme talk to you a minute."

"Out out here," she said. "I don't want no parking around."

"Honey, I got something for you," I said.

"Well, you just take it in out of here and give it to some other poor ol'." But she kind of turned around to give me a little look. I could see she was kind of interested.

So what I did was move on in a little closer. "Susan, don't be wot it me. I don't aim to park you around."

"Almost like folks," she said. But she was all the way turned around and she was looking at that neat white in my hands. "What's that?" she said.

"Oh, just a little thing out of there. Gonna give me."

"Is that a hat," she said. "I don't like the looks of it."

"It ain't nothing, but a little haty (1, 2, 3)" I said. And then all of a sudden I grabbed up her hand and ripped the stick with her finger.

"Ees," she shouted. But I wasn't having to fix no more. I give a little blow on the end of the stick.

She was laughing mad. "What you trying to do?" she yelled.

"It ain't nothing," I said. But it didn't look like the magic was work my right. She was soon in bed, and about then she give me a kick in the shin, just to let me know it. "Why God damn you, what the hell are you trying to do," she yelled again. And she reached for a fry pan to give me a chiding.

I grabbed stick of the stick and pulled a off. And right then and there she stopped swinging that stick and give me a real honey look. I didn't get it. Then I looked at her finger. Right around it pretty as you please was a ring. It wasn't much of a ring, some kind of antique ring, but it was a ring all right.

"Well, I'll be go to hell," I said. That old gamey man had stuck it up in the hole so it would be out to come off on the girl's finger when I pulled the makeshift away.

But Susan wasn't paying any attention to what I was saying. She looked kind of upset and grumpy, but her eyes were shining. "Well, I want my share the fastest way to give a girl an engagement ring I ever did see."

I kind of gulped. That wasn't what I was figuring on. "Well, I don't know," I said.

But she didn't pay no attention to that neither. She just walked away close to me and put her arms around my neck, and just there, oh, warm, young lips on mine, and it didn't take me more than a second to have my arms around her too kind of crawling for the back of her dress. And oh my, did it feel just right to have her all pressed up against me that way, her breasts crushed up good on my chest and all.

"Oh, you, honey," she said. "Sure I'll marry you." Then she looked down. "I was kind of hoping you would ask."

"Well, I'll be go hell," I said again. Then I kind of took her by the arm and moved her out into the yard, and we walked off toward the woods. I was kind of dizzy at the head, I wasn't coming to get married, but I didn't see what the heck I was going to do about it. Anyway, we walked up into the woods, and she talked

"You know," she said. "I don't really like folks. But I can't like these other girls. I seen this folks that married my me carrying on with me. And I know why she married him, too, because she thought she was going to have a hell. That was no way to get married. The man's always shaking he got trapped, and he's shaking around after other girls. That's why I wanted to know off the parking and showing card a little up to her eye, so's I'd know he wanted me really to marry him, not just because I was carrying a child."

"Is that a hat," I said, trying to figure out where I was at. And then I didn't have to figure very much. We was standing up in the woods and Susan was undressing her dress down the side. And me just looking. First she kind of looked shy, and slipped off the top so I could see her breasts good and clear. And my they were nice and round. Then she gave me a smile and slipped the dress down a little more, more, to let me see her stomach and hips. And that was just fine too. She'd got them round hips, and she was all blonde. Then she stopped looking shy altogether, and looked the dress off onto the ground. And my, what lovely legs she had, curved up just right, you know, not fat at all, but just nice and plump around the thighs. And so I stopped right up and begged her to me. We stood around like that for a while, kind of shaking together, and then she touched me with her soft fingers and undressed my shirt for me, and a couple of other things, and we lay down on the grass all naked and my head she was a pretty sight. And I got to thinking, it wasn't going to be so bad being hooked in her. I figured to get married sooner or later, it might as well be with Susan. After all, where was I going to find another girl like that?

And anyway, I wouldn't pay the makeshift again. The gamey old you could only work it once. Once, I figured, was enough.



DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL  
CHAPTER IX  
THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 20)

Spread!" I had a chance. And then suddenly Mame and Buddy came out to the car, all dressed up, and I went out to kiss them good-bye.

And what did I see but Charlie Jones looking his car out of the garage. I was just frozen. I wanted to wave to him, to shout, wait, but I couldn't with Mame standing right there. So I kissed them both as fast as I could, and started to push them toward the car.

And then Mame took it over her hand to give me a lecture. "Now don't forget, no visitors, go to bed at a reasonable hour, and I want you home by six tonight, in case you decide to go to the beach. And I'm warning you I'm going to call, to make sure you're here." Oh my, it was just terrible.

But finally they got into the car, and Dad started it. Already Charlie Jones was pulling out into the street. And began to look down the driveway. And then Charlie Jones just took off. Ten seconds later Buddy and Mame were gone, too—a minute too late. I mean I could have told. Just one minute was all I needed. And I just stood there with this sad look on my face—typical miserable and all. And then I went into the house.

About five minutes later I looked out the window, and what did my wondering eye see but Charlie Jones walking up the street with a glum look on his face. I mean I just about jumped out of my skin. I dashed to the door—and then I walked out, calm as a cucumber. "Hello there," I said. "Where are you off to?"

He wasn't about to pry out any secrets. "I got a flat," he said good-bye. "And I don't have a spare. I got to call a garage."

"Oh, that's too bad," I said. "Yes, had my flat, I thought. Anyway? "Why don't you say my phone?"

He just stared at me, dumfounded. I could see he really took me for a team. "It's not the Winthorps," he said.

"Well," I said, "Mame and Buddy have gone to Spring Lake, and I'm stuck here all alone, so if you want to wait for the fellow from the garage, we might have a drink. I mean just for company's sake—I hate to drink alone, don't you?"

Well that perked him up a little. "Well, I might consider that," he said, but he was suspicious.

So I brought him in and showed us both a Stein Collins. I figured I could get a little water in the gas later so that Buddy would never know I took any. And then he said, "where's the phone?" He was impatient to get down to the beach, to investigate the girl situation. But he wasn't going anywhere if I could help it.

"Oh, it's right here," I said. "But why don't you enjoy your drink for a minute?" And I sat down and put up my legs, to stretch them out comfortably, just to be comfortable. And he sat there and then he sat down and looked. So we talked for a few minutes and then he finished his drink and got up.

"I'd better call," he said. But I got up right away. I figured I had better make my move.

"Listen," I said. "Make no another drink first." I was going to have to keep a good bit of water under the gas, but I didn't care. So he gave me a curious look and went out into the kitchen. And then I got busy. I had on these shorts with a little zipper down the side. I unzipped it, poured a couple of drinks from the same tin. It, and pulled it tight.

Then he came back with the drinks. "I mean to have passed my zipper," I said. And of course that was so. So I had passed the zipper. "Would you mind while trying to fix it?"

He put down the drinks and came over and put his hands on that zipper, and I tell you I got the coldest shivers. The good oldie wobbler, I mean. I mean I could just feel his hands on my legs there, and it was something

to be given the zipper a tug, but I had passed it up good and it wouldn't come loose. "It's really stuck," he said.

"Well," I said, "I guess I'd better get on something else." And I was beginning to feel just fine. I took a look at him. He was staring at me in an interested way. I figured I had a trick. He wasn't about to telephone the garage. So I just slipped them down off and hung them down on the floor, and stood there in my panties.

Well, so I figured he wasn't a boy to fool around. He just waited over to me, put his arms around me, and reached down under the slats of my panties. And I tell you, I liked feeling his fingers on my bare skin. And then he waited a minute to see if I would react, which was the funniest thing I've ever seen, and then he pushed the panties down and I looked them off. So I began to rub between his feet, and he began to rub his hands around—your knees, various places. So we stood there like that for awhile, and then I said, "Let's go upstairs where there are blinds on the windows. And he pulled me up and carried me to my bedroom. And I went and pulled down the blinds, while he stood behind my taking off his clothes. And up, wasn't he something, all dressed out with those big muscles and all. And so I slipped off my too-short and my bra and put my dress on the bed. Of course, he lay down beside me. It was nice, just a little bit dark from the shades down, but light enough to see down another, and we just went at each other to make other holding on tight to each other and kissing and not at all—nothing unusual. And then other while we began to move along a little, and things went smoothly from there on.

While just goes to show. Sometimes you need that lucky break. I mean if he hadn't got that flat tire, where would we have been? We would have been almost out. And that would have been a shame, wouldn't it, Dear Diary?

The end



"We're sorry! The Marines have landed!"

# SPECIAL: *June Wilkinson* *dances for You*

*As a super-special feature for all our MERMAID readers we have engaged one of the most delightfully, divine dancers in the world, Miss June Wilkinson, to do a few, new dance steps just for you!*



When June last hit the *Amateur* scene last year, there were many who thought the lovely (X2148) starlet would just be another model. As it turned out, June is not only a wonderful model but a gal with a great deal of talent and stage personality. Example: It was June who thought up the idea of using this dance for MERMAID's readers.



Even 12 years ago just outside of London, England our Break crown made her first stage appearance in a musical play entitled *Little Red Riding Hood*. As we might have mentioned, this was when a sharp-eyed producer picked her out as *Indian Island*. And now, just a decade later he can see how accurately his predictions have come true.

For the first part of her fantastic performance, June will treat your tired eyeballs to a couple of graceful ballet steps in the classic tradition. For more classical-type movements from Miss Wilkinson please turn the page.

Light, lovely and very, very exciting, June carries her weight around with the grace of a queen. Fortunately for the busy beauty she needs no diets to keep her shape in trim. Says June: "I just exercise like mad. My favorite is of course, dancing."











## TO REMEMBER

he talked to the branch manager.

"I'd like to get a look at some of the last years," he said.

The branch manager, who was familiar with the ways of young men sent out by the home office, grinned. "You mean girls?"

Bill smiled. "Yes. Why not? At least to have a look."

The branch manager nodded. "Why not? Only I'd advise you to go to Berlin this morning. Most of those girls are right there and around and sometimes dangerous. But if you

like I'd show you a couple of photos this evening."

So they went. The branch manager took Bill first to a bar where they had to the drinks on the expense account and then they found a taxi and moved

(Continued on next page)





Tall (5'7") well built (110 pounds) with dark brown eyes June would be a knock-out even if she didn't have the fantastic measurements she now holds. But then again she wouldn't be June Williams either!

June got her start on the road to fame, fortune and glory when she was discovered by a producer at dancing school. She was cast in the role of Little Red Riding Hood. (The producer, as doubtfully took the part of the wolf).

When asked what her ultimate ambition was June replied "I want to become famous one way or the other... preferably in the showbiz field." She doubts it shall ever have any trouble achieving her wish, for... one way or another.



Now, here's the moment  
all you **MERMAID**  
readers have been  
waiting for. Here is the  
moment all you just  
turn the page when  
have will do last great  
dance number,  
designed especially  
for you!











"Next time fellows here  
 it is. This is the dance  
 I designed just for your  
 dancing pleasure—"



I call it The R & R  
 One, Two, Three, And the  
 really sexy one to do.  
 All you need is a little  
 room and... a lot  
 of pep ..

... 'cause as you can see  
 this step really takes some  
 moving. You've got to keep  
 up on your toes every  
 minute and you've got to  
 shake, shake, shake ..



New Jane really starts to swing with this abrupt and abbreviated version of a rock and roll number which she calls "The R & R Cha, Cha, Cha." We call it: magnificent!

...like I did. And don't forget to get your arms into the act. Sometimes hands are very expressive. Sometimes, they tell the whole story by themselves....



...the I'm doing with my hands right now. Anyhow, whatever you do, just don't stop moving. This dance requires skill, speed and motion on....

...don't slow down, and take it until you come to....

THE END



## UNDERSEA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from page 84)

Certainly part of the impulse has come from the publicity the frogmen have gotten in recent years.

Essentially, skin-diving comes in two categories, about as different as twilight gliders and powered planes. The most common type, the type that most local sports will engage in, is one in which you can go down only for as long as you can hold your breath; the other type makes use of one of a number of means of resupplying air down with the diver, who can then remain under the surface of the sea, floating like in a three-dimensional world, for as long as he likes at a time. But more about this later.

The ordinary skin-diving enthusiast is most likely to achieve the Aquaplane and its variants. What he is interested in is a lot simpler, a lot less expensive, and a lot less dangerous. For one rather bare-skinned diver in the waters of the Aquaplane can cause sudden death, which tends to spoil an otherwise's outing.

All right, now, what does the budding skin diver have to know? And what does he need? He needs, first of all, a body of water, and secondly, a man he reasonably trusts. It is generally agreed that about 55 degrees is as cold as anybody can take prolonged immersion in water and still call it fun. Fifty degrees is more likely. Finally this is going to dissipate that northern attitude as unreasonable skin-diving grounds. Even in mid-July the waters around New England are much too cold to stay out in for the length of time a skin diver needs. There is, however, an answer for the northern enthusiast: That is the inland lakes and ponds. These tend to warm enough for an hour's stay, but they have drawbacks. For one thing, they're open often really for much looking around. For another, they're often filled with weeds, especially waterweeds, and it goes without saying that skin-diving in the

vicinity of weeds is extremely uncomfortable, if not completely foolhardy.

Finally, the Southern accounts are the most reliable grounds for skin-diving; the Caribbean waters off Florida are first rate, and so is the entire Southern California coast. These two areas are at this point the best places for much of America's skin-diving. But the enthusiast should not be misled off these western waters entirely. The only thing to do is to try them. Places like Long Island Sound and other semi-protected waters are where plenty warm enough for skin-diving.

With all this in mind, let's have a look at the sport in general. There are two main purposes for skin-diving. First and foremost, and the one that is making the sport so attractive to open fishing. Spearfishing is pretty much of a brand-new sport. Little is known about it compared with the body of knowledge anglers have built up about their sport. It is exciting, rewarding, and usually good fun. We'll go into the spearfishing in more detail a little further on.

The other use for skin-diving is recreational. There is an enormous pleasure to simply investigating the bottom of the oceans and lakes, either hunting for specimens or simply enjoying the view of a strange world few people have seen, and see.

A last, and peripheral value of the trained skin-diver is in the professions in diving watches, maps, and diving knives which marine islands have dropped into the water. Or, for example, a skin diver is pretty valuable for taking a look at a failed boat propeller.

No matter what you have in mind, the basic skin-diving equipment is simple and relatively inexpensive. There are three main pieces of equipment: the fins, or flippers to aid your swimming; the goggles for underwater viewing; and the mask, or breathing apparatus. The whole outfit can be purchased for as little as five dollars. However, it is generally wiser to spend a little more and make sure you're got some quality in your

money. Let's take up the items one at a time.

Some budding enthusiasts will start off by dipping with the flippers. They're comfortable, easy to bring, and besides who needs them? You can swim anyway, can't you? Don't be fooled. Flippers are not intended to make you swim easier; they are to make you swim faster. For a skin diver this is vital. He has only to reach just underwater, thirty seconds to a minute or so, depending on the capacity of his lungs. Consequently, he wants to be able to move as quickly as possible as soon as he spots his target. The flippers will make a big difference. A couple of pushes with your flippers and you'll need you down twenty feet in little over a second. Then you could not do without them. For fishermen, flippers will enable you to move along the bottom without using your hands. If you are spear-fishing, the spear is expensive, so you'll want your hands free for aiming and firing.

There are, of course, some expert open fishermen who work without flippers. They claim that flippers slow up their maneuverability under water. What they lose in descent and ascent time they make up in the chase. However, the beginner is advised to use flippers at least to start. Then if he likes, he can experiment with his own feet. Flippers run from \$1.00 to \$15.00 or so. They come in a variety of types and from a variety of materials. There seems to be no single type very much favored more any other. Chances are any kind will serve you most you've gotten used to them. If possible, you might try and buy several different types and try them out, but considering the cheapness of the time, you can afford to make a mistake.

The second piece of equipment you'll need is the goggles. There come in a wide variety of types, many of them come with the snorkeling device built in. The safest types were the ordinary goggles with two eye pieces. It has been found, however, that these can be uncomfortable where they fit

(Continued on page 86)

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## UNDERSEA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from page 44)

around the nose, and furthermore, are difficult to fit on or to keep water out. The best types are the single mask which covers eyes and nose together, and are lined with sponge rubber to form tightly to the face. Some variants of these have rubber vented tubes at the corners which help equalize the air pressure inside the mask with the pressure of the water. This helps to keep the mask from pushing tight onto your face, which is really only a minor advantage when you begin to get down into the deeper-leaf depths. However, denial of this kind tend to run up into the \$25.00 class. The beginner will be better off with something cheaper, say around \$5.00, for which he can get perfectly adequate goggles. In using the goggles, the most important thing to remember is to keep them clean. Before you put them on each time duck them into the water and then take a look at them. The water should flow perfectly free over both lenses and outer surfaces. If it tends to flow away from spots, you should rub those spots with water, or a bit of ammonia to clear them up. The mask should be left in the water a few minutes before you go to bring it down to water temperature, and your face should be wet before you put it on. When buying a mask, it is advisable to make sure that the straps are either elastic or padded, or constructed in some way to prevent them from chapping around.

As much for masks. The third and final piece of equipment is your snorkel. This is simply a hooked tube a foot or so long with a mouthpiece on the straight end, and a lightweight rubber or plastic ball fitted into the U-shaped end. The ball is allowed to float loosely just inside the hooked end of the tube. When the end of the tube is submerged the ball closes tightly over the opening, preventing water from entering in. When the tube is out of the water the ball drops

down, allowing the tube to open for breathing. The snorkel is used for surface exploring. The duck dives float on the surface, or just under it, looking downward through his mask and breathing through the snorkel. He can go on indefinitely exploring the shallow depths this way. When he wants to dive, either going for a fish, or to examine something that's stuck his eye, he simply bends his body forward, takes a deep breath, raises his legs, and goes under. The snorkel closes automatically, and he can stay there as long as his breath holds out. Snorkels range in price from \$2.00 up.

Then, as you can see, with a set of basic equipment costing under \$15.00 you can begin duck diving. And it is advisable to begin right here. You may want to go into sport fishing or eventually, to the Apogee or similar apparatus, but begin simply. Learn what duck diving is like first. Even if you intend to go in for sport fishing right away, a few experimental dives with the simple equipment is a must.

This brings us to the question of the Apogee, and its competitors. Generally speaking, these devices are not playthings. They have to be handled with extreme care, and they must be used with full knowledge of how they work. Furthermore, they are not cheap. Prices vary widely, according to type, and range up into the hundred dollar class. No attempt will be made here to go into any detail on the Apogee. The advantages are obvious. With a breathing device you can go down deeper, a hundred feet or more. Furthermore, you can stay under for as long as you like, at the shallow levels. This has great advantages both for the explorer and the sport fisherman. However, a word of caution. Do not simply go out and buy yourself an Apogee. If you're really interested, borrow your equipment from an expert and let him show you how to use it. The foolish amateur can very easily capture an eelworm, or worse, a lung.

Remember now that you're equipped with your diving apparatus, a word about sport-fishing. The basic need is

a gun. There comes in a wide variety of types, ranging from the spring-driven spouts to carbon dioxide gas-gun types. Most of the guns are effective for ranges of not much more than five or six feet, plenty the sport fisherman in a shallow water that's better. The last of the sport line is moving close into your prospective dinner. Once you can get the sport and lose or fire fast, from here, he's a dead duck—or a dead fish. Sport guns start at about \$10.00, and run on up. It is probably best to start by borrowing, or renting a gun, to find out the type you like. Individual taste varies. When sport-fishing again here always which will suit you the best. You can experiment with the various types at your leisure.

The sport fishermen must remember, however, that he is dealing with a lethal weapon. He must exercise the same care with it as if it were a rifle. Furthermore, he must be knowledgeable of the rights of anglers and no fishermen. The last thing to do, he a beginning, is to look around for the local sport fishing club. They'll know the rules and regulations and can point you to good fishing spots.

Now, a few miscellaneous pieces of advice. On the matter of ear plugs, don't use them. They make equalization of pressure in the ear mechanism impossible, and may result in ear infections or worse. Furthermore, don't dive when you have a cold, or sinus inflammation. If you must dive, don't go deep. Always have somebody along when in a boat or on shore where they can keep an eye on you. Don't ever go-palming around in underwater cave until you're sure you know what you're doing. Stay out of the way of rapids, swimming and fishing areas. There's a time to live and a time to die. Don't dive into the water with your equipment on. Stay in bath-tubs, and shore. And don't stay in the water for long stretches at a time. There is no point in chilling yourself. Remember, duckdiving is for fun! Be careful, and enjoy yourself!

The end

Next month with cooler weather coming up we've taken special pains to insure a more lively publication for our readers. Therefore next month MICHAEL has prepared the following tales of lust and lustre. You'll find that they are all calculated to keep your interest up as the temperature starts to drop. And here's why...

THE BRONXIAN TIERAGE SEX PROBLEM

A LITTLE COUNTRY FOR THE AMBITIOUS MAN

THE GIRL OF THE AIR TOWERS

ARMY WHITE AND THE WAGON LOAD OF WOMEN

DART OF A FLAYING

THE JAZZ GIRL



**SHAKEDOWN**



#### IN THIS ISSUE OF MERMAID

Pages and pages of sexy photographs of our delightful Mermaids. In all, four new and most of the most beautifully developed women in earth.

And for your reading pleasure, we've got you a page to enjoy the following tales. They're your assurance of the finest fiction and best written for men.

**SPINERDA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY**

**ONCE MORE TO REMEMBER**

**TEACHER'S PETS**

**ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING**

**BEATNIK**

**THE MAID WHISTLE**

Plus our extra special feature

**DARY OF A PLAYGIRL**



#### IN THE SHOE OF MERMAID

Pages and pages of your photographs of our delightful Mermaids. In all, they gave most stories of the most beautifully developed women on earth.

And for your reading pleasure, we're now going to enjoy the following tales. They're your assurance of the finest fiction and best written for you.

UNIVERSAL ADVENTURE FOR  
EVERYBODY

ONCE MORE TO REMEMBER

TEACHING POTS

ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING

BEATNIK

THE MAID WHISTLE

Plus our entire special feature  
DAILY OF A PLATON.



(Continued)

all into the Mexican quarter of the city. Here the streets narrowed so that from the 1221 Bill could have reached the white-walled buildings on either side. Only a few street lights and occasional neon signs broke the darkness. But the streets were crowded with people, others of whom in the tourist trade was hanging on corners with an eye out for anything that smelted of money, and an occasional European tourist.

The taxi finally pulled up before a two-building with a hotel string door. The two men got out and pushed through the lobby, which smelled mustily as they passed. The room inside was nearly empty. Along one side was a bar. The rest of the room was taken up by a handful of small round tables, at a couple of which sat men slowly passing out their cigars. But they did not stay here. The branch manager led Bill through a second door. Here was a smaller room or lobby empty of people. The only light came from a low chandelier.

There had just entered themselves on that when an aged woman wrapped nearly from head to toe in a bright colored cloth appeared, bowed to them and then spoke: "You wish to see the ladies?"

The branch manager shrugged. "Hello, Wally," he said. "The young man is interested. I'll wait here. How does that suit a night and a liquor?" Then he walked to Bill. "Take your time," he said. "We've got all evening. But he waited."

The woman nodded and beckoned to Bill. "Come," she said. "Follow."

Bill went and followed her out a door. They were in a long corridor of white-washed brick, to have and there with naked bulbs. Along the length of the corridor were perhaps eight or nine doors. There was nothing exotic or startling about any of it. Bill was beginning to think he had not come. It was much too out and

drud. But of course he could not look out now.

The woman led him to the front of the doors and swung it open. The room was tiny, just about big enough for the bed and contained it contained all and nothing else. Reclining on the bed quite naked was a woman of an indeterminate age, apparently with her hands about the stomach. As he looked, she smiled at Bill.

The woman spoke: "Tanya. Very nice. Knows our ways of love. Very experienced." Experience, however, was not what Bill was looking for. He shook his head. And then, as they began to go down the line of doors he wondered what he was looking for. The girls were not bad, none of them. They ran to short stocky bodies, large breasts and long carefully colored black hair. They were all naked, and they all lay on their backs and watched at him or moved themselves awkwardly. And yet Bill was not really interested. He decided that he would give the woman a few dollars, thank her for her time and leave as soon as they had covered all the ground. He had seen an Algerian hotelier. That was worth a few dollars.

Then she opened the last door. The girl here was different. Not so fat and somewhat younger, she had long, close blonde hair. Her breasts were not so large as the others. Bill had seen. They looked lightly on her chest, pale two months of flesh just appearing. He was rather struck. She was a pretty girl, and she was out of time with her surroundings.

"A young girl," the woman was saying. "Just new here. Almost virgin."

Bill shook his head. And then he asked: The girl was sitting up on the bed, her own simple way here. She did not wink, but looked at him intensely, just staring. And again Bill was moved. He hesitated. And then he thought, I'll talk to her to find out her story. And so he walked up, and entered the room. Behind him the woman closed the door and disappeared.

Bill sat down on the bed, there being no other place to sit. The girl had

turned and was sitting with her legs folded up underneath her, seeing him steadily. "The you speak English?" he said.

She nodded her head. "A little," she said.

Bill sat about for an opening. Found by her words "you're different from the others."

She bowed her head. "I only got. Men do not love me."

For reached him. "Perhaps in Algeria. In America you would be very pretty. In America we like girls not so fat."

She smiled hesitantly. "So? It is true?"

"Oh yes. In America you would be pretty."

Suddenly the girl smiled languorously, and lay down on the bed, her arms under her head. "Maybe I go America some day."

Bill smiled. That at once was impossible. The immigration officials would not be allowing prostitutes from Algeria. "How did you get into this business?" he said.

She shrugged, smiling sadly. "Men are. I just got. Maybe got rich, if I am so ugly."

And a suddenly occurred to Bill that he liked this girl. She was pretty, she was sweet, she was understanding, and she was plainly heartbreakingly grateful for the little compliments he had paid her. Impulsively he said, "I like you. What is your name?"

"Fick," she said. "Tell us my name. And yours?"

"William," he said. "Bill."

The girl sat up again, and suddenly touched his arm. "Why you be nice to me?"

He shrugged, embarrassed. "I don't know," he said. "I've just come from America. I go back soon. I just came here to see what a was like. I didn't expect to find—nobody I liked."

Now the girl was leaning on the bed. She moved closer to Bill, her head over his, resting down. "I feel lonely," she said. She tipped her head forward and touched her lips to his forehead. And for a moment they simply remained that way, immoving.

fell staring out at the black wall, his consciousness absorbed entirely in the cool touch of the girl's lips on his chin. He was beginning to feel odd himself. Full of a sudden consciousness and grace. Flustered, he wondered how long? What was happening to him? Why should he care for this Algerian prostitute whom he had known for all of ten minutes?

The girl rose, his hands still pulled taut. "I'm sorry," she said. "I hurt you."

"No," he said quickly. "No. You don't hurt me. I like you. I like you to hurt me." And then wildly he turned, took the girl in his arms and kissed her gently. The flesh of his moist lips, long like dew in a flower petal. But could feel the girl's smiling lightly on his nose, and he knew that he was trembling too.

Then they parted. "Please," she said. Be patient. Will you be satisfied with me?"

"Yes," he said solemnly, not taking his eyes from her. He stared and began to sobulate, the features of his chest.

"Please," she said. Let me undress you." And still kneeling up on the bed she began to work on his buttons, her fingers quick on his flesh and she rose all down the line of buttons. He wanted.

Then the sheet was undone. He moved his arms and pulled it off. Already she was undressing his back, and pushing his trousers to the ground; and then, after a moment, he was naked.

Commencing to kneel up on the bed she clasped her arms around his waist and laid her head gently on his chest. Full a heart was pounding, and he was thinking: What is happening to me? Am I falling in love with this girl? Am I falling in love with this Algerian prostitute? And yet he did not want to go, he wanted to stay, he wanted the sensation to continue to carry him forward.

Now he knew his head gently over of the girl's arms, and lay down beside her on the bed. With fingers pressed close together, they talked. "I feel you,

Bill," she whispered. "I feel funny for you."

"Yes," he said. "I know." But it was impossible.

"And you feel for me?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Pals, I feel for you."

She put her hands on his back and began gently stroking his flesh, moving them up to his neck and then slowly down to his waist and across his sides. He quivered but also, knowing his hands over her soft lips across her eyelids, which fluttered closed as he reached them, came her eyes and then into the others opened all her black hair. She reached her hand to her hair, and then pulled the hair around more as if to cover them from outside eyes. Then they moved together.

Afterwards they lay still for a long time before Bill remembered the man again. He jumped up. "I have to go," he said quickly. "Somebody is waiting for me. I just remembered."

She looked sad. "Will you come back?"

He took her face in his hands and kissed her gently. "Yes. I'll come back tomorrow, and the next day, and every other." He was stunned by what he was saying, but it was what he felt, what he wanted. He did not want to leave the girl.

He dashed quickly and went out with no one to see the manager. The man was sitting near his liquor. "My God," he said. "What did you do, take on this lot of these?"

Bill was embarrassed but he did not want to mention Pals. So he shrugged, and they dropped the subject. He would still feel the body of the girl pressed against him. He felt wonderful and he felt sad.

But on the morning it was a different matter. As he sat at his desk going over a year of figures he could not concentrate. The girl Pals was all on his mind. He wanted her, the only thing that meant anything was the possibility of seeing her again that night. It completely occupied his thoughts.

Yet he was married. He was to have, but he could not be. He simply could not allow himself to fall in love with

the girl. She would not even be able to leave Algeria. Oh, perhaps he could marry her and ultimately they would get back to America. But how would she behave there? What would she do? Would she be happy to be told so far from her own ways? And would Bill himself be happy to live a wife who was so foreign in the ways of his hands and their ways? All day, he worried, looking alternately sick and ecstatic.

And then, after supper he went into a bar, showed three quick whiskeys, and took a cab back to the hotel. He knew what he had to do, and he felt miserable. The manager told him, pointing him the way and that, finally he walked forward through the bar through the second room and into the corridor, where the maidman, heavily pulled him up and showed him to Pals's room. Then they were alone together.

She was smiling at him, and then she rose the curtain on her face.

"Pals," he said softly. "I will not come back any more. It is no good. It will not work."

She was about to cry but she stopped the tears. She smiled. "Yes," she said. "I thought a last night. You cannot take me."

And Bill now thought he would cry. "I'm sorry. I want to, but it will not work." Then he sat down on the bed and took his face in his hands. "But we must remember," he whispered passionately. "We must remember."

She smiled. "Yes," she said. She closed her eyes on his mouth. Then she began to sob bitterly his chest. "Now they must remember."

The end

## QUICK QUIP

You married guys would love the little women much more often if you realized that it's one of the best ways known to get her to shut her mouth.

11/11/11



by  
Hy Bedford, Jr.

# THE MAID WHISTLE

It just took a little bit of good,  
old-fashioned magic to get the  
young man to propose mar-  
riage. Here's how it works...

**I** don't suppose you know what a maidskirt is. Most people don't. I guess they're kind of gone out of fashion most places, or if not out of fashion, they're simply being forgotten about. But up here in the mountains, it's different. We know about maidskirts. Oh, if women actually got one I don't mean that by but I do: think anybody needs her over here and except some of the old grannies in their stacks up in back of the creek. But these always were stories about maidskirts handed down. You were supposed to be able to get any girl you liked just by blow-

ing it out. At least that was the story. And we had a lot of stories about the old folks who worked this way: you know, they got girls to marry to them by blowing on their maid-whistles.

The reason why this hanging this all up is because at the time of this story I was really three and one. There was this girl, Susan, her name was and she was something. She belonged to the people down the road a piece. She was some kind of a cousin and she arrived there one day with a little baby outside and a green hat and red pants also. Her old man had got killed in a mine crash and her old lady married a store boss who got in charging them around the living room. She couldn't stand it, so she came up here to the mountains to get away for awhile.

And my daddy, wasn't she some-thing? Little and you and black-headed but that of them curves every-where that pulled her down right. I tell you it was a pretty sight to see her come marching up the road to the house, her hips swinging, and her bosom trying to work their way out of the top of her dress. Especially with

*(Continued on page 99)*

Norma stripped to the bare essentials in order to wash her only dress. Meanwhile, the young men lay quietly behind the trunk on the hill watching.

